The COMMONWEAL

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

In the National Self-Interest

ALONG with our prayers of gratitude that the fighting in Europe is over goes a growing realization of the tasks lying ahead. We do not refer in this instance to the prospect of direct attack upon the heavily-defended islands of Japan; no one can be unmindful of the bitter struggle which may lie ahead in the Pacific. But the collapse of Germany has brought forward two primary problems in the West: the European problem and the problem of Russia. We shall first attempt to deal with the former of these problems.

It is only in a sense that Americans have attained the objective of peace in Europe. The Allied armies have defeated the Germans on the field of battle—and so thoroughly as to obtain their unconditional surrender. The nazi threat to peace, security and human liberty has at last been turned back. At what a price to Europe, as to ourselves. It is a continent of blasted cities, shattered homes, fields torn up if not still sown with mines—the peoples in many areas are forced to begin lives, careers, everything anew. Then, too, there are the displaced millions, men exiled to forced labor, war prisoners by the million, the maimed, the blind, the wasted, the pitiful child victims of malnutrition and disease. Thousands of communities now seek merely to exist though deprived of their normal means of livelihood. And yet more terrible than all of this are the hatred and rancor in men's hearts resulting from nazi prison camps and other unspeakable crimes against the men and women of other nations. (That is one of the most terrifying aspects of the atrocity newsreels which General Eisenhower has urged every American to see.) Germany's surrender is the biggest step, but how far we remain from obtaining peace in Europe!

It must be clear by now to even the most unregenerate that henceforth no war is possible in Europe without gravely threatening the United States. It is no longer possible for a nation to retire behind impenetrable barriers in a world of V-bombs and "superforts." Our objective of peace in Europe gains in importance for America with each succeeding year.

In general, then, what is essential if there is to be the peace for which so much was spent? (Before proceeding further it must be remarked that it is impossible to separate, except to a certain extent in the human mind for purposes of analysis, the Russian problem and the general problem of attaining peace in Europe. And the Russian aspect of this question receives the consideration which is its due in the editorial which follows.) Mortimer J. Adler wrote a whole book to demonstrate that peace requires order, and therefore the world an international organization with authority. Order in turn requires stable and adequate living conditions, security for the morrow both in the economic and political sense. And thus beyond the urgent immediate requirements occasioned by the war's devastation and the fact that in many areas a truce came too late for the annual spring planting, Europe needs two things if it is really to have peace: the tools and political instruments necessary for the establishment of a healthy economy together with the mutual trust and international political institutions to forestall potential aggression in the future.

There is no simple over-all remedy for an afflicted Europe whose destiny is so important to the United States. Coordination has a paramount place in the work of rehabilitation, but in order to face the situation squarely we must recognize that what is needed varies sharply country by country.

If we begin with Britain, our staunchest ally in war and peace, we shall see that Britain must double or triple her exports—chiefly manufactured goods—in the postwar years, if she is not to have the widest unemployment and a disastrous drop in the national standard of living. It is to our interest that Britain, with its proximity to the European Continent and objectives similar to our own, should remain strong, if not wax stronger. Therefore the United States should use every available means to facilitate the increase of British exports.

America's rôle in the rehabilitation of the

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other European nations—beyond that of general financial and material aid in our own interest—is less clear. As will be gleaned from recent and current COMMONWEAL articles, France is undergoing a profound crisis, with its old leaders and its old dominant class quite discredited, its labor movement in a state of flux, and insufficient leaders with both training and vision.

In Spain and Portugal conditions are still different. Dictator Franco by continual minor gestures now wants the Allied powers to know that he is becoming increasingly friendly to the ideas of the "democracies." He must know in his heart that his days are numbered. Yet the manner of his passing is a matter of first importance. If communist-inspired forces are permitted to stage a bloody reprisal against the military victors in the Spanish Civil War, the pendulum will once again but swing to the other extreme of its tragic orbit. Some means must be found for supplanting the Caudillo peaceably by some coalition which will represent the peaceful aspirations of the great bulk of the impoverished Spanish people. The fact that the Salazar Government joined with Eire in officially regretting the supposed death of Adolf Hitler, is an evil—if courageous—sign, but that comparatively benevolent dictatorship may ride the storm.

Germany herself presents the most difficult problem of all. She will begin her new existence divided into four zones, occupied by American, British, Russian and French troops, respectively. From all we can gather her people are unrepentant and unwilling to take upon themselves the blame for nazi crimes. They are unregenerately Pan-German. Most opposition leaders have long since been liquidated; there is little upon which to build a new non-nazi political life. The Allies must go down to the earliest grades to begin the arduous job of eradicating the poisonous doctrines which have brought Germany and the world to their present pass. To combine firmness with tact, really to make it stick, will not be an easy task. And how can Germany's economy be reorganized so that she retains enough in the way of industry to support her many millions without at the same time presenting the opportunity for another secret rearmament? Or how can the hatred which the Germans have brought down upon themselves be so mitigated that they may eventually have normal dealings with their fellows.

Questions such as these, danger points such as these, clamor for a solution. And there are others. All of them impinge upon the security for which Americans have expended much.

The Problem of Russian Relations

ALL the problems which V-E Day specifically brings to a head have in them, as has been pointed out above, a Russian element, but the Russian problem—and one is fully justified in using such language—is of a different character. For even with their Russian elements, the other problems are likely to change in nature as time goes on. They will either gradually move toward solution, or away from solution. And time alone is a major factor in the outcome of all of them. But the matter of our relations with Russia is likely to remain far more constant, although here also time can and must play some part, since a constant state of tension would be in the long run almost as bad as an open break.

We have for the past several years stated it as the conviction of THE COMMONWEAL that, for obvious reasons, collaboration with Russia in the maintenance of peace must be the keystone of any hopeful post-war policy. We have insisted that the record of the United States and Great Britain and France in this regard between 1918 and 1942 was none too good, and that therefore it would be only honest of us to expect a certain amount of suspicion on Russia's part. We have insisted above all that our own dealing with Russia must be beyond question honorable and decent.

On the basis of our record, then, no one can justly accuse us of being anti-Russian. Yet this does not mean that we view Russia as the great impeccable, or as a mighty bear to have its chin tickled no matter what it does. Above all we must try to understand as best we can what goes on in Russia and especially what goes on in the Russian mind. The first is more difficult than the second because the Russians themselves persist in acting behind a wall of secrecy. This is the bare fact. Whatever excuses may be alleged for this policy, it does more to muddy the waters and arouse suspicion among us than anything else the Russians do. But the knowing of the Russian mind is somewhat simpler since here we are possessed of the essential facts and since we have a whole body of historical fact still pertinent in making such an appraisal.

We have said that a certain amount of suspicion on Russia's part is justifiable; this is not to say that the almost psychopathic suspiciousness which Russia has so often manifested ever since the early days of the Revolution is either justified or healthy. Here again we record a fact. It is this sickness which undoubtedly in part underlies the policy of censorship and isolationism which have *in fact* been the prevailing Russian moods since the beginning of the present régime. It is this sickness which leads to Russia's branding every action and every utterance with a political label. And unfortunately there are only two labels currently available in the Kremlin—"fascist" and "anti-fascist" ("democratic" is merely a synonym for the latter and bears absolutely no other meaning). It is probably this sickness which leads high

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Russian officials into somewhat childish security displays and equally evident tactical blunders in their relations with the British and American press.

The proper label for this over-suspiciousness is, we believe, the label we have given it: it is a sickness. On the face of it one does not treat sickness with moral indignation, but rather with cures which experience has shown to be appropriate. A psychologically suspicious individual can only be cured—as common experience teaches us—by a mixture of firmness and candor. No food must be given for his suspicions to grow on, and when his imagination begins to run riot, he must be caught up short. If the symptoms become so acute that they can be labeled paranoia, then a tragedy has taken place. It is to prevent such a tragedy that we must be wise in dealing with this Russian malady.

Two further elements in the Russian mind enter into the complex with which we shall have to deal. One of these arises from our own unexpected success in Europe and the Orient. The result, as we have several times pointed out in these columns, has been to creat a great change in the balance of bargaining power, a change in Russia's disfavor. This, we believe, is a healthy change, and has made it possible for Washington and London to take a much firmer line on a number of subjects than they would have dared only a few months ago. The repeated refusal to allow the Lublin-Warsaw Government a voice in the San Francisco proceedings is one point in case; another is the insistence upon Argentina's admission there. Since we believe that a reasonable firmness is essential in dealing with Russia—if only for the therapeutic reason we have already stated—this firmness augurs well in the long run. But it can be overdone, and if it is not administered with a deep feeling for the politically right moment, it can merely serve to intensify the suspiciousness which it must be our main purpose to allay.

Finally we must remember that the whole behavior pattern of the present Russian Government is a very special behavior pattern. Quite apart from its ideological tenets, the Kremlin is at present under the orders of a man who was shaped in a Robin Hood atmosphere. The principal difference between Stalin's early activities and Robin Hood's is that Stalin turned over his plunder to the Communist Party, whereas Robin Hood believed in directly relieving the needs of the unfortunate. In such an atmosphere no man is likely to develop a very strong feeling for justice and order as those things are conceived among English-speaking peoples. If someone proves to be a nuisance, the easiest way to deal with him is to dispose of him. Hence when the sixteen (or is it fifteen?) Polish underground leaders, at the definite suggestion of the British Government, entered into negotiations with the Russians, the Russians by their own admission clapped them all into jail. Surely a mere trifle.

Now to explain this is not to condone it. Our whole sense of what is morally right and wrong is revolted at the idea of dealing with political opponents summarily and by brute force. Until the Russians learn that this is our view, and learn that it is not mere hypocrisy, relations will constantly be disturbed between us. For we are deeply offended by such performances, and the depth of our disapproval varies only in degree as between purges within the Communist Party and the recent arrest of Polish leaders of proven patriotism and heroism. And this disapproval, we may add, has nothing to do with the merits of the case. The arrested Poles may all be anti-Semites and fascists; they went in good faith as ambassadors. To have acted as the Russians did act is from our point of view totally inadmissible and inexcusable.

That this should be so, however, is all the more reason why we must constantly seek to understand the mentality which views such an action as logical and proper. That mentality, we repeat, is a fact. Scolding a fact is one of the most fruitless activities possible, except in so far as it adds to our own self-satisfaction. Wise statesmanship on our part will seek, on a basis of community of interest, to work with the mentality which we know exists and, if possible, gradually to make that mind understand our mind. We believe that in matters of this sort our way is the better way; never will we convince others that it is the better way until we have made it possible for those others to understand; and understanding does not come from preaching or scolding. It comes from firmness and candor. And to this must be added that it comes from some degree of mutual respect and affection—affection for the doer if not for the deed.

San Francisco Dispatch

I KNOW I ought to write about the Conference. Five minutes ago I saw Mr. Molotoff. He walked right by me in the lobby of the Palace Hotel; at the same time a lot of other people walked right by me; they all walked very quickly; they knew exactly where they were going; Mr. Molotoff was right in the middle of this kind of phalanx and he had all of that wonderful dignity which an escort furnishes to anyone who is being escorted. All the girls behind the hotel desk stood at the desk and looked at Mr. Molotoff; the flower girls stopped fixing their flowers and stood behind the flower counter and looked at him; that goes for the Western Union girls, also for the

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ladies at the USO information desk, also for Major Eliot who explains about the war, for Mr. del Vayo who explains foreign policy to the readers of the *Nation;* that goes for any of the correspondents whose faces I happened to know and for all the faces I did not know; everyone in the lobby of the Palace Hotel turned to look at Mr. Molotoff; Mr. Molotoff looked at nobody; he kept right on going until he turned in the passage that leads to the elevators (opposite the bar called the "Happy Valley") and that was the last I saw of him and perhaps the last I will ever see of him. But that should be enough so that I could write about the Conference and I know I should write about the Conference. It is not very much but it ought to be enough.

There is not much room in this hotel bedroom on Geary Street. There is only one chair and I am in it and there is stuff all over the bed, but suppose I cleared it off and let Mr. Molotoff sit on the bed, I am aware that we might have a very interesting talk but I am not quite sure that I could keep my mind on it. I mean even if I could sit in the same room with Mr. Molotoff and Mr. Eden and Mr. Bidault and Mr. Stettinius. I am not quite sure I could keep my mind on the things they were talking about. It would be very exciting for the first few minutes no doubt but then I would start seeing things again.

That is what has been happening to me in San Francisco. There are all the delegates who wear blue buttons in the lapels of their suits; there are all the accredited correspondents who wear red buttons; there are the lobbies of the Saint Francis, the Mark Hopkins, the Fairmont, the Palace, through which the delegates and the correspondents walk and can be looked at by anyone who is dressed so that he would not worry the police. There is the Opera House of course and all the papers have carried pictures of the sessions there so that there is no use talking about it. There are French, Russian, British, American uniforms to look at. And Arabs dressed just as they should be. There are all these famous people to look at and to listen to, and of course you cannot be everywhere at once and so there are press releases to read, but you do not have to be in San Francisco to read what is in the papers or to argue about what is in the papers. So that what you do, mainly, is to look at people and that is very interesting but the trouble is that I keep seeing things even when I am looking at these interesting and famous people, even when I am listening to them and that is why it is so very difficult to write about the Conference because I would rather write about the things I am thinking about, about the things I keep seeing all the time, the things I saw even while Mr. Molotoff was passing right by me in the Palace lobby.

Of course you are very tired after you have flown across the continent from New York to San Francisco so that at first you cannot help seeing the flares in the night from the furnaces of Gary, Indiana, and the lights of Chicago as you came in over Chicago in the night from the lake, and then you cannot help seeing the Grand Canyon in the morning light and the rose-colored cliffs, or the desert, or all the army planes lined up at the field where you come down to change pilots, or the passage between the high hills—and there is the winding road below descending to Los Angeles and you have come across the United States and there is the Pacific Ocean. So that at first there are those images but this is not a travel piece.

That is why this is not the place to say that San Francisco seems to be so much more in the war than New York is in the war. Of course it is not the same war. But that is not the point. It is the way the city is built. In New York there have been troops embarking, casualties returned—only you do not see them. But here the city looks out over the bay; the ships go out through the submarine net and you see them from any of the hills on which the city is built; the wounded, the prisoners who have been freed, return but they return right into a city; the people of San Francisco have seen them return. They have seen the hospital trains, they have seen the walking wounded; they see, all the time, the men on leave, the men departing. It is not like in New York where you are not often near the docks. It is because the war seems very near to them that the San Franciscans are working very hard after hours at war work. It is because the war is near to them. A New Yorker when he reaches San Francisco feels that he has come much nearer to the war—but much further from the war he has been thinking about.

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There is all that happened on the plane that is in my mind, and then these things immediately connected with the war that I had not seen before in New York and the way people in San Francisco talk about the war, meaning the war against the Japanese. All this interferes with the way you would look at the Conference. There is how Death Valley looked with the mountains surrounding it and it does not look so desolate and closed in when you see it from above.

That is the way it is also with problems. We had all the problems neatly arranged in New York with committees for each one, several committees for each one. All the problems were familiar problems; we could write editorials about them because they were acclimatized. Then you meet one of the problems out here and it looks differently. The Negro problem for instance. They do not talk about it out here the way they do in New York. Perhaps there are committees here where the talk would seem as familiar as in

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New York but they did not have a delegation to meet me and so the taxi driver said do you want the whole street, and the colored man in the other car said do you want the whole city, and the San Franciscan riding with me in the cab said driver how many rapes do we have a week? Or the Japanese relocation problem: they just do not desire to have them back. The San Franciscan said I hear in New York you have Japanese butlers and Japanese all over the place we would rather starve than have a Japanese in this city ever again. This is no place to argue about any of that; it is just that it is very different the way problems are looked at here. Even when there is no question of justice or injustice.

I hate to bother you with this but it is another case of how things look differently. We always thought that all irrigation plans were wonderful, wherever they put up a dam it was wonderful, because then the water would make something grow where it would not have grown before. But out here there is something wrong about even such a nice, quiet thought as that. They tell me that they have arranged the Sacramento River so that the water is used and that is all right, only, since the water no longer comes down to the sea as strongly as it did, the salt water is coming up the river further than it did, and so now they will have to build locks and systems to hold the sea back where it belongs.

For a time, then, there is the novel aspect of San Francisco and for a time there are still the crowded images of America which have entered your mind during the plane's flight across the country; there is this excitement but, normally, it would not be a lasting excitement, the images would become memories, and after all the Conference is very important and I know I should write about it.

But I cannot do so. I hope the delegates can think about the Conference. I can only think about the other conferences which succeeded each other one after the other until there was the war. I cannot write about the San Francisco Conference because it looks so much like the other conferences which led straight into the war. The buildings San Francisco has placed at the disposition of the Conference are all right but there was nothing wrong with Geneva. Geneva was a great deal more impressive. Mr. Eden seems in very good health in San Francisco but we used to see a younger Mr. Eden playing tennis in Geneva. Mr. Eden is a statesman, Mr. Molotoff has had considerable experience, M. Bidault has had little experience except that of suffering and courage while he worked in great danger to help free his country, Mr. Stettinius . . .

But where are the men who carried the hopes of the world in those other conferences which led to the war? We placed in them our hope and they failed. They were great men and they failed. There was still a Europe to save and now there is nothing left at all.

I cannot write about this Conference because it looks too much like the other conferences and if you think of them it becomes impossible not to think about the war. I look at these delegates and I see a procession of all the other delegates marching into hotel lobbies, entering the Crillon in Paris, the Beau Rivage in Geneva, carrying brief cases, accompanied by secretaries—the technical staffs busy in hotel rooms;—I see President Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando, and then Stresemann and Briand. And then Daladier and Chamberlain. Versailles, and then all the long list of conferences, Munich. There had been those four years of unendurable and endured warfare, the immense loss of life, but there was something still left to save. That was what the conferences were for, and they failed.

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Ever since I have been out here I have tried hard to think about what they were saying at this Conference and I intended to write about what they said. About the plenary sessions and what was going on in the Commissions. The famous newspaper correspondents in the Palace lobby are easy to talk to. They are not too proud. They would have told me quite enough so that I would have something to write about. They have told me many interesting things. I have talked even with members of the delegations. I even had some amusing things to tell. This sort of thing—just like Winchell: Georges Bidault had a phrase in the mimeograph speech that was given out in which he talked about the wonderful city "of Saint Francis and of . . . John Steinbeck." But—FLASH—before he got round to making the speech someone had found out what San Franciscans thought about Steinbeck.

But there is no use trying. There is the picture of that Italian man hanging by his heels. (There is the picture of a man hanging by his heels—it does not matter who he is.). There is this war in Europe which has been won. There is this Europe of ruins, disorder and despair. There are the French (I talked, by the way, with Etienne Gilson) who are determined to be strong again even if there are practically none of them left. There are the Germans and it is quite impossible even to think of the future they face. And there is Mr. Molotoff walking through the lobby of the Palace and it is impossible to talk about him or about Mr. Eden or about anyone else in San Francisco. Because all you can do is to look at a ruined world and then you might try to pray. That might be worth trying because there is nothing else I can think of to do.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Structures of Liberation

The actual state of French social and political groups

Emmanuel Mounier

YOU DO NOT remake a country with ideas, enthusiasm, or little clubs of reformers. All three may be necessary, all three together are insufficient. For a nation which is reconstituting itself above all there must be the structures which are, so to speak, the skeletons of societies. At what stage at the moment of liberation were the structures of France? Let us admit frankly, they were undergoing a profound crisis.

Her social structures are in a complete state of flux. Ever since the collapse of feudalism France had been governed by a directing class which developed slowly from the twelfth century on, actually gaining power little by little in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the bourgeoisie. In the eighteenth century it took over the political power. The nineteenth century is the story of its unbroken decline, of the obstinate unintelligence it brought to its social duties and to the development of modern forces. To be sure, I should not wish to leave unknown in other countries the treasures of private devotion that France often still hides interiorly, the heroism which she can bring into battle better than she is able to develop it in collective life, nor the young élite who at this moment take cognizance in their hearts of their past neglect and return to the struggle. All this does not militate against the general conviction that the rule of the French bourgeoisie as the directing class of the country is over. Its treason at Munich and at Vichy comprised only the final result of a long failure to take due responsibility.

We experienced once before, in 1789, the death of a ruling class. But at that time the situation was much more favorable to us. The class which inherited power indeed, the bourgeoisie itself, had been ready for two centuries and was already trained in the exercise of important public activities. This time, through the obstinacy with which the enfeebled ruling class hung on to the posts which it was less and less able to fulfill, if not through a sort of competence in inertia, automatic and without imagination, it has blocked the development of a class to succeed it in the exercise of power. So well that today popular circles, the workers' groups, for instance, have the same consciousness of the attainment of their social majority as their bourgeois ancestors in 1789, without having the same preparation for the tasks which lie before them. Liberation has changed the political grouping of the country; it has not solved the problem of its social reorganization. When many young Frenchmen who have no flair for agitating reproach the government for its lack of revolutionary courage, that is the problem which they have in mind. France lacks men, to be sure, to take up the work of her rehabilitation. She lacks men because of her deficient birthrate; she lacks them because of her two and a half million in prison or forced exile. But if instead of thinking always of the same sources of competent leaders, we had the imagination to seek new élites from that admirable common people who have kept the treasures of faith and enthusiasm, the problem would be less acute and the future more promising.

We shall be asked: what about the French labor unions? For it seems likely that the formation of these popular élites will come in large part from the workers' organizations. That is true in France more than in other countries. There is in French trade unionism an old humanist tradition which only the lack of the necessary means has prevented from developing to its full fruition. But we must not overlook the effects of five years' interruption in the life of the unions. Not only were the funds of the unions dispersed by Vichy and their activities proscribed, but, most important of all, they have not been able to enroll the new members who would assure that continuity of tradition dependent upon taking the young at the time they begin their working life. The French unions must first of all reconstitute themselves before helping in the rehabilitation of the country.

As for popular education, we must wait to examine the projects to be brought forward by the Commission for the Reform of Education, which has been working since last fall; its report is expected later this year. Henceforth the Direction of Youth created by Vichy is transformed into a Commission of Popular Culture. It has been placed in the hands of the professor-writer Jean Guéhenno. He himself is a scholar who came from the people. He dreams of extending throughout France, even to the smallest hamlet, a network of houses of culture, open to all. He will certainly have to overcome the inertia of the old per-

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sonnel of the National Education Commission, unless it is decided not to continue an administration no longer equal to a young and creative policy.

One class remains firmly established in France: that is the peasantry. Its living conditions have changed little in a hundred years: small holdings, traditional cultivation and thus individualistic mentality. This class constitutes a social and political flywheel. Traditionally it votes more or less conservatively, on the Right for the moderate parties, on the Left for Radical-Socialism, which despite its name has become in France, with its organ, *l'Aurore,* one of the principal forces of conservatism. A flywheel is useful to a society. But it does not set things in motion. To think so would be to make a bad calculation for the long term and, in order to secure immediate tranquillity, to sacrifice a dynamic France to a conservative one. This last would crumble from within and in the long run would unloose more serious disorders than the creative fever of a forward-looking France today. Such a short-sighted policy would also wrong the French peasant. Still backward in his methods of farming, suspicious of the modern world, he nonetheless possesses a great cultural treasure. Made confident by a social and technical education which is neither arrogant nor offensive in its pretensions, the peasant will become one of the great forces in our rebirth.

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If we turn from social structures to the political groups, we find them as profoundly disorganized by the war as are the various classes.

France hardly contains any organized political parties except those of the Left: the Communist Party, the Socialist Party, the Radical-Socialist Party and a centrist party, the popular democrats, that is to say the Christian democrats. The moderate parties were above all parliamentary organizations whose provincial machinery, when they possessed any, remained embryonic. Their power came from their press, supported by weeklies of large circulation like *Candide* and *Gringoire,* which constituted their membership's almost exclusive sources of political information. Now and then they joined forces in times of trouble. They disappeared with the crisis. However, two groups were exceptions in the years preceding the war: the Croix de Feu, which began as a combat group and ended in the very wise and very respectable French Social Party, and the French Popular Party of Doriot, clearly fascist in character.

From 1940 to 1944 all these parties were dispersed. There has been no open political life in France. The absolute conformism of the press tended still further to lull to sleep French minds and feelings. Therefore we find ourselves confronted simultaneously by a crumbling of the old structures and a certain condition of public stupor similar to that which follows a long illness. Permit me to voice here with others my protest against the outrageous frivolity of some journalists, rare, it is true, but nevertheless gaining too much attention, I mean those journalists who have presented liberated France as a picture of well-being. They have obtained this impression, no doubt, in places which ninety-five per cent of the French people do not frequent, or from the mien of Parisian women who have always loved to put a good face upon misfortune, or in certain well-stocked countrysides which have been spared. Most important of all, these journalists have come to know us at the joyous moment of our liberation. They have not known our daily burden of privation, of terror and of waiting—hidden dramas which break down the vitality of a country more surely than the tragedy of war itself.

Only the Communist Party of the old formations did not sink in the general shipwreck; it not only survives, but emerges from the ordeal strengthened by its participation. It was able to weather the confusion of its adherents between the German-Russian Pact and Germany's declaration of war on the USSR; it has not broken up. As soon as the situation was clarified by those hostilities, it became the first to institute the struggle underground. Its militants were on hand always at posts of danger, its numerous martyrs led people to call it "the party of the slain." It won the battle of prestige as courage always will. But there is more. Before the war one might have said according to Marx, that as with the proletariat itself, the party, so to speak, had no permanent abode in the nation. The masses of the people as a whole were strongly moved by the anti-militarist propaganda to which they had long been subjected. The army was conservative, a fact which strengthened them in these sentiments. The defeat itself and the life of the French underground fighters reversed this psychological situation. It is the people, and especially those under Communist influence, who had the most spontaneous patriotic reaction, linked with the awakenings of 1792 and 1871. In the oppression which day by day weighed upon them more heavily, the visage of the invader came to be overlaid on the visage of a bourgeoisie which had partly given its consent. In this manner the Communist Party became a French party. One can be opposed to it. But this return of the people to the sentiment of a common destiny with that of the nation, this end of a long exile is a sociological fact of prime importance. This development could become still more fruitful if the old army groups, instead of attacking the French Forces of the Interior with all the mistrust of the specialist for the improviser (and thus it must be said, with a class-conscious lack of confidence in the armies of the people), could have channeled and disciplined this

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young force everywhere as successfully as they did in a few localities.

The Socialist Party participated in the general failure of European social democracy. It took the place formerly held in France by the Radical Party. It satisfied in the *petit bourgeois*, especially in the *petit bourgeois* of the South, the need for verbal courage without great practical consequences. This party has no future without a complete renewal of its adherents and its spirit.

The Radical Party, as we have already pointed out, became clearly conservative. It is quite a paradox to find today that the paper it publishes is considered to be at the extreme Right of the press of the present day. We distinguish between conservative and traditionalist. It is not the great French tradition which is in question here but that which is the most sordid thing that social unintelligence and economic interests can offer. No doubt the elections will give some importance still to this cadaver. France must not be judged by this habitual gesture. The French peasant is still somewhat fearful for his stability in this world which moves so fast; he was afraid with Vichy of "government by the clerics" (and the Radical Party is the old stronghold of anti-clericalism); finally bringing him face to face with the adventurous and sometimes rather brutal life of the Maquis has awakened in him some of the fears cleverly spread by the whispered propaganda of the fifth column. Perhaps he will vote Radical. That will teach us nothing about the creative forces which are at work in the nation, and which, with a convalescent, still leave him prey to his fears for his security.

The French Right no longer exists in organized form. In partially giving itself over to collaboration, it has upset in a large sector of its adherents the patriotic sentiments which comprise one of the principal sources of its strength. Its active parties, Action Française, the Doriot Party, the French Social Party, have been broken up and dissolved by the decision of their own leaders. It exists no longer except in the form of a scattered force, which is manifested especially by sabotage in certain government bureaus and in industry. Men who in an historic situation of such significance lost their civic sense have forever disqualified themselves in the public eye. For the honor of a political tendency which has its rightful place in the free play of opinions, it is to be devoutly wished that there will be reconstituted a conservatism which is at the same time generous and traditional the way France has always manifested that temper. Such a viewpoint could be expressed today by *Figaro*. It should not be surprising that at a moment when the entire world is rebuilding itself on new foundations I insist upon new forces more than I do upon permanent ones. These new forces I deal with in my last article.

Millionaire Wild-Catter

T. D. LYONS

WHEN BILL ROESER took the Keeley cure for debts (bankruptcy) Colonel Newell commented that "An oil wild-catter ought to have more than one string to his bow."

"Now," he said, "take a man like John T. Milliken, he's engaged in twenty different businesses. His prime activities and the game that he enjoys most is wheat speculator. In those ventures he is generally associated with Frank Logan of Chicago, since P. D. Armour has died. Milliken was in with Armour when they squeezed Joe Leiter by buying all the wheat in the farmers' bins and filling all the freight cars in the country and delivering the actual wheat to Leiter at a price he couldn't pay. Then Milliken's other great venture is the gold mining business. He owns the Golden Cycle, in Colorado, and he expects to develop another gold mine in the Black Hills as good as the Home Stake. The oil business is entirely secondary with him and he pays little attention to it. The last time I was in St. Louis, however, he said he was surprised at the quick big profits we made in the Cleveland Pool (in old Oklahoma) and that he was going to expand, so some day we may have some law business for you. However, at the present time all our law business is handled by Milliken's St. Louis lawyers, who are good on railroad litigation but know nothing of the oil and gas game. When a real question comes up, I know that they will check the bet. Of course, anybody can examine these old Oklahoma Territory homestead titles where the only legal question that ever arises is something about the notary public having failed to affix his seal to an acknowledgment."

On the occasion of the sale of the Milliken Oil Company's interest, John T. Milliken stopped off in Tulsa, en route to Texas, to visit his wife's family, and for the first time we became acquainted with the stocky little Scotchman. He was fond of telling that he was born in the Pennyrile District in Kentucky, and that in the county where he was born worldly goods were scarce. He said that if a farmer there had twenty-five cents and a plug of tobacco he was well-to-do; that if he lost either the quarter or the plug of tobacco but retained one of them, he was still in moderate circumstances; but that if he lost both the quarter and the plug of tobacco, he was poor indeed. Afterwards we found that in a trial before a jury, Mr. Milliken never failed to convey the information that he had started life as a widow's son and that his first gainful occupation was as a boot-black in Paducah; from that he drifted into the grain business and became an active wheat speculator, in St. Louis. Mr. Milliken's pleasant demeanor and friendly gray eyes cloaked a massive intelligence and a power of quick and correct judgment in business matters, which gave us a little flash of what Napoleon must have been.

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One of Mr. Milliken's great characteristics was the promptitude with which he converted a decision into practical action, and not many months after he had told Colonel Newell that he intended to expand in the oil business he was the owner of thousands of barrels of daily production in Oklahoma, had constructed an oil refinery at Vinita and had completed his own pipeline from the fields to the refinery. Colonel Newell told us that with all Milliken's hard-headedness and practicality he had a foible or gambler's superstition and intimated that it was Milliken's custom, or at least there was a supposition that it was his custom, in all important matters, to consult a seeress, something of a modern version of "the Witch of Endor"; but Milliken never admitted this practice, even to his closest intimates. However, he did have a great weakness for taking up patents, secret formulas, processes and other matters more or less veiled in mystery, and it was this trait that led to a mighty lawsuit which gave us our first big fee.

When he commenced the operation of the refinery at Vinita, the percentage of gasoline recoverable from a barrel of crude oil was pitifully small compared with the results under present day processes. Two enterprising gentlemen who were strong on the qualities of both faith and hope convinced Mr. Milliken that they were in the course of perfecting a process or secret formula which would result in a tremendous increase in recovery of the percentage of gasoline from a barrel of crude oil, and, if this were true, the venture would, of course, be profitable. Milliken made a deal with these men and permitted each one to subscribe for a million dollars worth of the stock of his company, practically without personal or individual liability. The million dollar subscription was paid for by a note for a million dollars, with the provision that it was to be paid exclusively out of dividends of the corporation, and that there should be no personal or individual liability against the maker. This entire transaction was handled in St. Louis, by Mr. Milliken's railroad lawyers.

The process required a great deal of mysterious work and the inventors or discoverers set up a laboratory in the Vinita refinery and conducted extensive mysterious nocturnal experiments. Milliken found these proceedings vastly impressive. He was particularly susceptible to the notion that laboratory experiments might result in great gain, since he was already in the wholesale drug business and had extensive laboratories in St. Louis and other cities.

The whole matter was kept a deep secret, even from Colonel Newell, who, however, had some inkling of it. The Colonel had been an old Shakespearean actor in his youthful days and had trod the boards in productions of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. His esthetic training, however, did not blunt a strong practical sense, and he told us confidentially at various times that he feared that John (as he referred to Milliken), would get into some kind of snarl or jam with his inventors. Sure enough, one December day I had a twenty-minute long-distance conversation with Mr. Milliken calling from St. Louis. The inventors a few days previously had reached the point where they thought the invention was a success and were negotiating with a large refining company for a sale of the process. Milliken was advised by a confidential employee whom he had so placed in the business that he could watch them. Milliken immediately taxed them with their breach of duty to him and they promptly claimed that they were free to dispose of the process as they desired and that it was far too valuable to give away to his company, unless their interest was increased to two-thirds or at least one-half. Milliken promptly telegraphed them that they were discharged from any position with his company. They thereupon switched back to their original position and each claimed to be the owner of a million dollars worth of stock in the company.

Milliken, however, refused to have further traffic with them, as he said, and they threatened a lawsuit and a receivership for all of the Milliken interests in Oklahoma, claiming a large interest not only in the refining company but in the oil production. Mr. Milliken desired that either my partner or myself would proceed to St. Louis very soon for a conference. However, we immediately reached the conclusion that the threat of a receivership was not an idle one and could not be disregarded, and as the Oklahoma court had authority in certain cases to appoint a receiver without notice, the matter was the subject of anxious consideration in our office. We concluded that the most practicable move was to put in a long-distance telephone call for the Judge of the District Court of that District to advise him that in the event any suit was filed, including application for a receivership, that we desired an opportunity to be heard on behalf of the defendants. We also sent a lengthy telegram immediately to the Judge, directed to each of the court towns in that District. We finally contacted the Judge by long distance in the court town of one of the counties somewhat distant from Vinita, and he said that he had just received our telegram and in the nick of time; that the suit had been filed apparently that morning, in Vinita, and the plaintiffs and their attorney were then present in court demanding the appointment of a receiver without notice. He stated that he had read out our telegram aloud from the Bench and had set the matter for hearing for December 26.

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We thereupon apprised Mr. Milliken of the situation and he was elated over our vigilance and the thwarting of the plaintiffs' unfair effort to secure a preliminary snap judgment. He kept us on the telephone a half hour, telling us the history of the receivership fight he had been through in the acquisition of the Golden Cycle Mine. It was evident that he enjoyed litigation, and especially a receivership contest. It was agreed that I should proceed to St. Louis within the next few days, and he stated that he would have present his Denver lawyer, Tyson Dines, his St. Louis lawyers, and also a Chicago lawyer who represented him in transactions in which Mr. Logan was also interested.

When we secured a copy of plaintiffs' petition, we decided that the entire cause of action and right of ownership in the corporate stock were based on the two promis-

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sory notes for one million dollars each, given in payment of the stock subscription.

Back in 1907, I had taken part in the bitter and acrimonious general debate on the question of the adoption of the Oklahoma Constitution. This instrument was vigorously objected to by so-called conservative interests, on the grounds that it was too radical. It was said that many of the views of William Jennings Bryan as to the restraint of corporations had been adopted by the Constitutional Convention, and that legitimate business would be driven out of the State. One of the spokesmen who lent some support to this view was the Honorable William Howard Taft, then, as I recall, in President Theodore Roosevelt's cabinet. Indeed, after the adoption of the Constitution by the people, vigorous representations were made to President Roosevelt against the promulgation of a proclamation admitting Oklahoma as a state, on the ground that the Constitution was so radical that it violated the Federal Constitutional provision as to a republican form of government. In this debate, I had occasion to use a pamphlet issued by supporters of the Constitution in which the provisions regulating corporations were discussed. One provision in particular was designed to prevent the issuance of "watered" stock.

When I read the promissory notes given in payment of the stock subscription of the plaintiffs in the receivership action, I immediately recalled the discussion as to the issuance of watered stock and the Constitutional provision prohibiting the same. I examined the provision and the annotations, which cited several decisions from the Supreme Court of Alabama relative to a similar provision. Indeed, it had been said that the framers of the Constitution used the Alabama provision as a basis. Under these decisions I felt that we could maintain that the promissory notes were absolutely void, being in violation of the Oklahoma Constitution. This would defeat the right of plaintiffs to claim to be stockholders, and their entire suit would fall to the ground.

When we met for a conference in Mr. Milliken's office at St. Louis, the presence of the austere and experienced lawyers, two of them at least of national fame, slightly tended to overawe me in the beginning of the discussion. They did the talking and it was principally directed to the point of urging Mr. Milliken to accept an offer of settlement of the two plaintiffs for approximately $750,000 cash. They feared that the claims attached to other properties, and said that in any event the stock was worth three for one and that Mr. Milliken was getting rid of plaintiffs as stockholders and also of all their claims for what seemed to be a moderate settlement. Finally Mr. Milliken stated point-blank that he desired to hear from his Oklahoma counsel and that he hoped I would discuss the entire matter, not merely the proposed settlement. One of the eminent lawyers rather sneered at this and said that he thought that the only matter before the conference was whether to accept the present offer or make a counter offer of less, which he regarded as a rash and dangerous move. However, I produced the Constitution of Oklahoma and read the provision (Section 39 of Article 9, of the Constitution), providing: "That no corporation shall issue stock except for money, labor done or property actually received to the amount of the par value thereof. . . ." I read excerpts from the Alabama cases, one of which specifically discussed a stock subscription based on a note, similar to the ones under consideration.

The eminent Chicago lawyer then said, "Well, I think that has no application at all, and in any event there would be an estoppel." He said, "Do you want to take the responsibility of advising Mr. Milliken not to accept this safe settlement, which, everything considered, is a very modest one so far as figures go?"

This was slightly nettling, but I said, "The question of paying out Mr. Milliken's money is a question for Mr. Milliken to decide. The question of advising him as to his legal rights is one which I think lies within the proper province of his legal advisers. Since he has asked for my opinion, he wants me to give a genuine opinion, not an echo of some more learned and more experienced lawyer. My advice to him is that under the law these men cannot recover."

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Charlie Painter, Mr. Milliken's confidential secretary and adviser, came into the room then to ask me if I desired to return to Oklahoma that night on the six p. m. Frisco, and, if so, he would get reservations. I turned to Mr. Milliken and said, "I have said my say. Unless you think it is necessary for me to remain over tomorrow, I will return to Tulsa tonight."

"Well," said Milliken, "I think that's all right. All you lawyers have said your say, and now I'll say mine, but I can get through before that six o'clock train." Then he said rather humorously and, slightly to the annoyance of his eminent counsel, "I have a little story to tell. You know I have Scotch ancestry and I am very proud of the Scotch people. They have, of course, certain peculiarities, but one of them I greatly admire. The Scotch are a very religious people and they bring religion to their aid in all their undertakings, which I think is very wise." He said, "Of course, they're ordinarily not rich, they live frugally, and when one of the boys of the family arrives at a good age, it's time to consider when he'll get out and rustle for himself, and the day comes when he must leave home, and it is a very solemn and important event. On the day the Scotch boy leaves, they hold solemn prayers which the father leads, and then of course his mother and sisters pray for him and cry over him and kiss him, and he leaves the little home cottage. And his father walks with him down to the bend in the road, and just before he says his final farewell to him, it is the custom for him to whisper something in his son's ear." He said, "What he said in that whisper was for a long time a great mystery, but when I was in England and Scotland, last summer, I found out what it was. He takes him by the hand and puts his arm around him and puts his mouth close to his ear and he whispers, 'Jock, mak' money.'" And he said, "I'm going to decide this matter on that principle," and he said to me, "I'll meet you, Christmas day, at Vinita, and we'll go on into the trial the day after Christmas."

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The St. Louis lawyers spoke up and said, "Why, Mr. Milliken, we'll try to get that matter deferred for a few days, as it is very inconvenient for any of our firm to go there on Christmas."

Mr. Milliken smiled blandly and said, "It won't be necessary for any of your firm to go down, on Christmas."

This lawyer, with an air of great surprise, said, "Well, surely you'll have Mr. Dines there."

"No," said Mr. Milliken, "this young man's argument has appealed to me. It is my money, and I believe I will take the gamble on not paying it out. I'll be represented by my Oklahoma counsel."

The lawyers said farewell to me, with a somewhat sullen air, and one of them endeavored to point out to Charlie Painter the rash folly of Mr. Milliken's depending solely on such advice. Mr. Painter, however, said that Mr. Milliken usually knew his own mind and he believed he would not attempt to dissuade him.

When I reported the result of the conference to my law partner, he at once said that we had, of course, assumed a very heavy responsibility, in view of the desire of the much more experienced lawyers to effect the settlement. Then we were in a considerable state of trepidation for two or three days. However, the following Monday after my return, we received the published opinion in the case of Webster v. Webster Refining Company, decided by the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, 36 Okla. 168. This case construed the Constitutional provision and cited the very Alabama cases on which I had relied. The court laid down a transcendent provision: (p. 175)

> The Constitution provides that the corporation shall not issue its stock, except for a consideration equal to the par value thereof. This represents the public policy of the state. It is intended to bind the corporation. It is intended to protect the public. It is intended to put corporations upon a real substantial basis, *to prevent the watering of their stock*. The Constitution is one instrument of the people. The courts are another. If the courts require a corporation to do that which the Constitution says shall not be done, the judicial arm is antagonistic to the Constitution itself; and it would seem to be a simple proposition that the courts will not compel that to be done which the Constitution prohibits doing.

Armed with this case from our own Supreme Court and the Alabama decisions, I felt certain that we could defeat the receivership, but I sensed from a reading of the opinion that our position was even stronger and that we might urge another vital matter. I accordingly found decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States which held that, in a case of this character founded on a contract contrary to public policy, the court should not only deny the receivership and all other relief but should of its own motion dismiss the case with prejudice, as an attempt to involve the court in a co-partnership with law violation.

I did not have the pleasure of spending Christmas at Vinita, with Mr. Milliken, because the court continued the matter to New Year's day, and I confidently expected that the eminent attorneys would be present. However, on the day before New Year's I met Mr. Milliken and enjoyed a good dinner with him, at the Harvey House at Vinita. At one point in the conversation he inquired if anything had occurred to change my opinion, in any way, and I said that on the contrary something had occurred to strengthen it, and I took out the certified copy of the opinion of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma and handed it to him. He struck the table, with the hand, and said, "By George! That's a regular lucky black cat, and it shows that my hunch was good, although I give you full credit for the preparation and the idea." He said, "This ends it, and no matter what the trial court may do, I can and we will give a bond if necessary for five million dollars and we'll fight this through."

The next morning, we proceeded very amiably to permit the plaintiffs to introduce their proof on the application for a receiver, then we demurred, and as we had the opening and closing of the argument, we certainly made a Roman holiday of their lawsuit, by reading the decision of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma. They began to cry out for morality and justice, and that they were at least entitled to reimbursement in the sum of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Judge asked from the Bench if we desired to adjourn, to make any offer of settlement or pay them something, just as a good will matter. Mr. Milliken spoke to us in a loud whisper, said, "No, they forfeited good-will by their treachery. Let's fight it to the finish."

I knew that the Judge enjoyed literary illustrations, so I said, "Your Honor, my client reminds me of the ancient maxim, 'that mercy is for the merciful, and compassion is for the compassionate.' The facts already adduced show the bad faith and treachery of the plaintiffs. If they can get millions for their process, let them go and collect it. They will get nothing from my client, except at the butt end of this lawsuit."

The Judge adjourned until 1:30, to read the authorities, and at that time the court entered an order denying the application for a receiver and dismissed the plaintiffs' cause with prejudice, for the reason that the cause of action violated the public policy of the State of Oklahoma.

We walked back to the Harvey House, after the decision, to eat lunch, and there Mr. Milliken had a long distance call from St. Louis. It proved to be his St. Louis counsel inquiring if he did not want them to come down to attend the hearing on the following day (assuming, of course, that the cause was still in course of presentation).

"Oh, no," said Mr. Milliken, "it's all over. No receivership. Case dismissed. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow. I am returning to St. Louis this afternoon."

As we walked toward the Pullman coach, Mr. Milliken said to me, "Well, you did a good job. What do you think your fee ought to be?"

"Well," I said, "it didn't take long, but it was rather an important matter. Would $5,000 be too much?"

Mr. Milliken's gray eyes gleamed with a friendly flash. He pressed my hand and said, "Young man, if you send in your bill for $25,000 for this job, I'll use my influence to have it allowed. To tell the truth it's worth that to me to have the laugh on my lawyers."

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Communications

GERMANY

Charleston, S. C.

TO the Editors: Congratulations on Father Reinhold's courageous letter, "Germany," in the May 4 issue. Would that the NCWC News Agency would make it a required MUST printing in our "inspired" far-flung diocesan organs! Again, congratulations.

THE RT. REV. JOSEPH L. O'BRIEN.

AVAILABLE TRACT OF LAND

Sugargrove, Pa.

TO the Editors: Hail, the Catholic Land Community Movement and farewell to a potential Catholic Land Community.

The "Fairy Ring of Commerce" has twice been broken here. Once when the land was given to the Benedictines and again when it was offered freely to us. What a perfect beginning for "restoration in Christ." Bread cast upon the waters without reserve—true stewardship of things material for the spread of the Kingdom of God. No yoke of debt to bend to, no mortgage money to be mined out of the land and siphoned into the Fairy Ring.

This farm, to be sure, although once a showplace of this region, had been neglected for twenty years—except by lessees who under absentee landlords industriously mined the soil. One huge barn collapsed; another was ruined beyond repair, a third struck by lightning and destroyed. The out-buildings were dilapidated. The large house, formerly the town school, was badly in need of repair. Yet there was still one good large barn; the house was habitable; almost two miles of good road frontage centered around a crossroad at the main house.

Here was a providential opportunity to plant and nourish a seed of the Christian revolution, to transfer some of our proletarian population from an industrialized, depersonalized and rootless existence into something approaching the way of life urged fifty years ago by Leo XIII and emphasized again, with special reference to the land, by our present Holy Father.

We were well aware that now and then a worker would become conscious of the subhuman aspects of our collectivized industrialism, resent his situation and try to get out of it. Many who have made the attempt without experience or guidance spent their hard-earned savings on "a little place with chickens" or some other land-based activity, loaded themselves with mortgages . . . and almost always failed. Without training, preparation, and preeminently freedom from the bondage of the Fairy Ring, chances of success are slim indeed.

Despite the need our first task at the Alcuin Community was to find workers who were themselves "converted" to the Catholic rural ideal. And what we wanted to do was to "supernaturalize" the teaching of sound rural methods, while providing fitting circumstances for family life according to good natural standards. Those who joined were guaranteed possession of their homes and "house grounds" in perpetuity, subject only to the occupancy by the family or its heirs, and provision was made for purchase of additional land at two-thirds of its assessed valuation in the event the corporate effort failed.

The first practical problem was to get under sod the 200 acres of tillage which had been cropped year after year in buckwheat with never a rotation or cover crop. With an eye to the future we also sought to secure a direct-to-consumer outlet for farm and craft surpluses. We never came near attaining self-sufficiency completely, although some members of the community always owned cows, horses, steers, hogs, chickens, ducks and geese. In one way or another we got all but 50 acres under sod or in rotation. We have a friendly market in the Jamestown Consumers Cooperative with which we have been actively associated since its earliest days. We have also established good relations with our local community which has duly appreciated our work.

The present "membership" consists of one lone man. The draft of course took some. But mostly we had "woman trouble." For as Father McNab and Eric Gill both aver, "the problem of the hour is the problem of the land, and the problem of the land is the problem of the woman." Or in other words, we are faced with the agrarian version (and in a literal sense) of *cherchez la femme*. In comparing notes I have found myself in complete agreement with Dr. van Kersbergen of The Grail, that Catholic pioneer in training woman for life on the land.

A school begins with a teacher and a pupil; they can always find a log to sit on. Meanwhile here is the land, the buildings, all essential equipment except a hayrack and one more horse, plenty of food for man and beast, fall plowing done, hens laying, springtime here. Who wants free land? If fifteen families settled here, on their own common terms so long as these are within the framework of the Abbey's policy, the whole 320 acres will be given to them, school or no school.

RAY SCOTT.

The Screen

Choose Your Gal

AS LONG AS Hollywood is under the influence of the star system, going to the movies becomes too often a matter of deciding which of the babes you want to see. This is deplorable, but Hollywood has mainly itself to blame. No doubt this will continue as long as movies have to make money, and the gullible star-gazing public is so willing, in fact eager, to let them show a very big profit. Glancing over the current releases you can choose among: Greer Garson with a background of Pittsburgh steel making; Dorothy Lamour as a California *paisana;* Betty Grable in one of Broadway's leading nightclubs; Maria Montez as a queen of the Nile; and a brand new potential named Yvonne De Carlo who dances in a silly historical piece whose background includes Robert E. Lee and Bismarck and jumps from Austria to California.

Greer Garson has proven in many a film that she is a capable actress. She proves it again in *"The Valley of*

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Decision." There is however, a sameness to her roles and pictures that makes her more discerning admirers wonder when Mrs. Parkington and Madame Curie are going to grow out of Random Harvest to uphold the promise indicated by Mrs. Chips. In adapting Marcia Davenport's long, involved novel for the movies, John Meehan and Sonya Levien had to eliminate and edit a great deal. They concentrated on the Mary Rafferty incidents of the 1870's and have written a well rounded screenplay about an Irish girl who arrives as maid in the Scott mansion (founded on steel) and becomes friend, companion, adviser to various members of the family and finally even one of the owners of the mill when wise Mrs. Scott wills her her share. As young Mary, Garson is rather kittenish and relies on swagger and brogue; but later she hits her stride and is particularly good when she acts her age during the love scenes and dramatic episodes. Never before has Miss Garson been surrounded by such a fine cast: Donald Crisp and Gladys Cooper as the elder Scotts; Gregory Peck, Dan Duryea, Marsha Hunt, Marshall Thompson as the next generation. Lionel Barrymore indulges in the film's only overacting as Mary's intense, Scott-hating father who is greatly responsible for much of the girl's unhappiness and partly responsible for the excitement during the meeting of management and labor that results in the slaughter on the bridge. Admirers of long family chronicles will revel in this story of the Protestant Scotts and the Catholic servant girl. What the film lacks in depth in its review of steel production and labor, it tries to make up for in feeling of family warmth and strife. Producer Edwin Knopf and Director Tay Garnett were especially successful through stunning photography in capturing the tone and color (or lack of it) in the Grant period.

Let it be said right at the beginning that the new Dorothy Lamour film is no typical Lamour opus. She doesn't sing a note, and not a sarong is in sight. In fact once you get used to her strange accent, you'll find that glamorous Dottie fits quite well into this little tale about Americans of Spanish and Indian blood who live in a sleepy town on California's coast. The conflict in *"A Medal For Benny"* comes when the town's Chamber of Commerce or Pep Club, or whatever the more American Americans call themselves, realize that the Benny they ran out of town a short while back has become a war hero and is now posthumously to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. This film (written by Frank Butler from a story by John Steinbeck and Jack Wagner) snails along like an amusing character sketch in the fashion of Steinbeck's Tortilla Flat tales, then suddenly becomes a satire on the crass commercialism with which some Americans cash in on their war heroes. It winds up on a note of high patriotism, however, when Benny's father puts the publicity-minded town officials in their places, walks out of the house they provided, refuses to appear in the stadium. So the General and the Governor go to the ramshackle part of town where the *paisanos* live and make the presentation. Amidst the noise of clucking chickens, Benny's father delivers a touching speech about heroes that come from all walks, all kinds of people and homes. In spite of Irving Pichel's fine direction of a good cast, the film's characters and points are too black and white; they lack a subtle grayness. J. Carrol Naish is excellent as the hero's father; Mikhail Rasumny is brilliant in a supporting role. Although Benny never appears, Arturo De Cordova, as a scamp in the Liliom manner, and a new suitor for Benny's fiancée, could well pass as Benny's counterpart. Regardless of its shortcomings, "A Medal For Benny" is one of those lovely little jobs that increases your regard for Hollywood.

Betty Grable, complete with winning smile, blond hair and gams, is very much in evidence in *"Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe,"* another of those overblown technicolored musicals. In between bits of plot about a father (William Gaxton) who does not want his son (Dick Haymes) to follow in his footsteps and become a night-club entertainer, there are plenty of colorful production numbers—all, of course, done on a gaudier and larger scale than one sees at Rose's spot. Billy does not appear but is referred to several times as being in various parts of the country putting on aquacades and such. Grable gets involved in the story through a series of spats with Gaxton and more particularly when Beatrice Kay hires her to get rid of junior who seems to be cramping an affair between Gaxton and Kay. All this is pretty routine, especially since everyone knows Grable and Haymes will fall for each other after they sing and dance enough numbers to keep the cash customers satisfied. They do. The film's most stupendous exaggeration shows the ladies of the ensemble appearing as desserts. And the most fun is got out of perplexed Phil Silvers' trying to learn just why the show *must* go on.

"Sudan," also in technicolor and not to be taken seriously, is rather dull compared to the other Maria Montez-Jon Hall films, mainly because it takes itself very seriously. It has some beautiful shots of Maria (a queen in disguise) being chased across the sand dunes by slave dealers. It also has some notes of social significance in that the character played by Turhan Bey promises to free all slaves in Egypt. The film's greatest innovation comes when Bey not Hall wins Maria. But Hall is very philosophical about the whole thing: "A thief may reach for a star." Maria Montez really deserves much better scripts than this one which isn't even redeemed by the usual exciting melodramatics.

In presenting Yvonne De Carlo to what is hoped to be an appreciative public, Walter Wanger should have chosen a more likely vehicle. Although it has the most fascinating title of the season, *"Salome, Where She Danced"* also tries to drag in everything else, from the Civil War in U. S., the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, to a Nevada horse-opera town and finally San Francisco. It has Yvonne herself who does a series of dances all of which seem to make the male members of the cast drool. These include Walter Slezak, Rod Cameron, Albert Dekker, David Bruce and others who must have felt very foolish saying some of the silly lines provided by Lawrence Stallings. But the most absurd of all the speeches is said by Marjorie Rambeau. In persuading Dancer De Carlo that she must dance tonight even though Bruce has just killed

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Dekker on the bloody stage, Miss Rambeau might be answering Phil Silvers' quandary about why the show must go on. "I went on in Vicksburg, with 16 curtain calls—and there was my husband lying dead under the soubrette's dressing table." All this and technicolor too!

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Two Argentinas

JAMES MACGREGOR BYRNE

ORTEGA Y GASSET in the "Revolt of the Masses" explains why nations that are traditionally enemies of one another tend to become homogeneous. This prompts one to express the pharisaic hope that we shall not grow to resemble the nazis and the Japs! However the desire to know all about one's enemies (witness the flood of books on Japan since the war) must result in one's absorbing something of the enemy's way of thinking. Let us hope this is confined to his virtues.

Although it would be absurd to say that Argentina was ever an *enemy* of ours, nevertheless the unwillingness of her government to cooperate with us and the unwillingness of her government to risk offending the Axis powers in any way resulted in relations between our two countries becoming slightly strained, and engendered in the American public's mind the same curiosity to know what was "the matter" with Argentina as if she had openly sided with the Axis.

The result was the publication in this country of a far greater number of despatches, magazine articles and even books about Argentina than at any time in the past. Much of this material is good but just as Argentina's unwillingness to cooperate with us was the main cause of our sudden interest in her, so has there been too frequent a tendency (at the beginning anyway) to judge all Argentine policies and politicians from the standpoint of their attitude towards the war and towards cooperation with the United States. Since the issues underlying this war are fundamentally moral, enthusiasm for the Allied cause (especially at the beginning when that cause seemed desperate), or the lack of it, can serve as a simple test of a person's moral worth which is much more often right than wrong. But at best it is a rough rule of thumb. In every country, many corrections must be applied. These corrections are to be found mainly in each country's history and traditions. That is why a book like this one of Mrs. Rennie's,* which adopts the historical approach and analyzes the political and social development of the country over the past hundred and twenty-five years or so, is so much more successful in interpreting the present situation, despite the fact that it contains only 40 pages on the revolution, than a book like Mr. Ray Joseph's "Argentine Diary," which although a valuable document, containing much indisputable evidence of the revolutionary government's fascist tendencies, nevertheless by itself serves rather more to raise one's blood pressure than to deepen one's understanding.

Mrs. Rennie went to Argentina in 1941 as a 23-year-old student on a traveling fellowship from Radcliffe and stayed two years. Although by any ordinary standard the author's judgment can be described as objective and mature (despite her extreme youth), she makes no effort to conceal that she has strong views. Her idea of history is not merely a recital of military and parliamentary battles. She has an axe to grind, a thesis to uphold. In her own words, her thesis is to show that: "There are two Argentinas and the whole history of the nation is the story of their struggle. I have tried to show it in all its aspects: what the civil wars were about; what economic liberalism really meant; who benefited from Argentina's colonial economy; and why that economy had to come to an end. The dichotomy in the country is that of Creole vs. European, protectionist vs. free trader, the provinces vs. Buenos Aires, or, as Sarmiento liked to put it, the poncho vs. the frac. . . . Until the two Argentinas are brought together, that nation will have no peace." Told in this way, the story loses nothing of the traditional color of the Argentine scene, but has acquired form and meaning. The complex forces underlying the civil wars begin to take shape and the issues far from being dead are shown to be the same that are alive today.

She employs this thesis to give her history a unity which standard reference histories do not possess, without at the same time allowing her theory to grow into an obsession. However, knowing that her general sympathies lie with the liberal and progressive elements of Argentine history (her favorite leaders are Rivadavia, Sarmiento, Leandro Alem, Juan B. Justo, and Lisandro de la Torre, although at times she is very caustic about some of them), one is surprised at the jaundiced view she takes of the great Mitre, especially as contrasted with her high opinion of Urquiza. One cannot help but feel that with regard to these two men she allowed her basic theme to prejudice her a little. In summarily dismissing Mitre as a mere power-greedy army officer who did not hesitate to plunge his country into civil war for no other purpose than to capture the presidency for himself, without mentioning that in addition to being an able general, he was a great reformer, the leading Argentine historian of the last century, founder and director of one of Argentina's two world-renowned newspapers and translator of Dante, is not to do him full justice, however censurable some of his actions may have been.

★

Her sensational revelations of the abuses practiced by foreign corporations will not make pleasant reading for the representatives of foreign interests most of which in Argentina are British owned, but it will serve to explain the violent reaction against foreign capital so widespread in Argentina in recent years. Although giving preponderance to economic factors as the basic cause underlying political thought, she fully recognizes the frequently decisive influence of other factors, and also, what is usually overlooked by economic determinists, that sometimes selfish people are mistaken as to where their economic interests lie and as a consequence tie up with the wrong party, an example in point being the case of certain pro-

*The Argentine Republic. Ysabel F. Rennie. Macmillan. $4.00.

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vincial caudillos who supported Rosas. Mention should be made of the excellent bibliography she has compiled on this and other aspects of her subject.

Any serious book on Argentine history cannot properly omit mention of the Church. Mrs. Rennie's own attitude can best be described as tending towards "anti-clericalism" (in the narrow sense) without being anti-Catholic. Any European or Latin American Catholic is familiar with this distincton which, however, to many North Americans may seem paradoxical. Mrs. Rennie takes care to note that, politically, Catholics in Argentina are divided, which is perfectly true. Anyone wishing to pursue this aspect of the Argentine situation would do well to read recent articles on the subject by George Doherty appearing in THE COMMONWEAL, *America* and *Harper's*.

While the author does not formally state her basic moral or political philosophy, it is clear that her standards are founded on sound ethical values and that her political hopes are directed toward a higher standard of living and wider opportunities for the mass of the people. Naturally a book of this character being special pleading (as any history that aspires to interest anyone should be) will provoke criticism from many dissident quarters. Undoubtedly errors of fact and of judgment will be shown to be present. Despite this, it will give one a far better appreciation of the organic nature of Argentina's development than will any standard reference book and it is believed will enable one to predict the ultimate outcome of the present conflict of forces with far greater accuracy. In her introduction Mrs. Rennie says that she is telling this particular story "for the first time anywhere in any language." Apart from a few very minor errors of fact and certain limitations in the author's scope, her story leaves little room for improvement. This book is in my opinion the most illuminating contribution to date towards the understanding of the present Argentine situation.

The Esthetic Revolution

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

ROMANTICISM, said Hugo, is simply liberalism in the arts, and he meant, apparently, that the romantic movement was the belated corollary of '89 and '93, the esthetic equivalent of the French Revolution. Just as the latter destroyed the feudal and ecclesiastical order, so did the romantics make a clean sweep of fixed laws and canons, a whole world of authority and serenity in the arts. Many people still feel that way about the romantics, notably the late Professor Babbitt of Harvard University. Their immediate followers, moreover, went one step farther; from being anarchs of art they became anarchs of life, enemies of the largely bourgeois mentality which prevailed in France and England after the accession of Louis Philippe in 1830, and that of Victoria seven years later. In short, Hugo and Gautier engendered Baudelaire, and the latter, according to Mr. William Gaunt* is one of the creators of that bohemian and amoral spirit which culminated, in both countries, about the time

*The Aesthetic Adventure. William Gaunt. Harcourt. $3.00.

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of the nineties. The culmination goes by various names, being called the movement of art for art's sake (the phrase is Gautier's) or the esthetic revolution, or even the renaissance of the nineties. Mr. Gaunt's new book, though containing an amount of highly well-organized preparation, is (substantially) an artistic and social history of the nineties, and is, in the opinion of this reviewer, the best book ever written on that curious decade.

The romantics and their followers did not hate the bourgeois as such; most of them sprang from the middle class themselves, and both Hugo and Gautier illustrated certain bourgeois traits in their personal lives. What they all hated was the bourgeois mentality which, normally, values money, and the industry that makes money, above the older values of sanctity, religious in essence and honor, aristocratic in origin. A bourgeois, said Flaubert, is one who *thinks* basely. Happily the bourgeois mind, with its mixture of vulgar arrogance and timidity, is a mind that is very easy to shock. To administer a shock, Chesterton used to say, is always a Christian act; and in this one respect, Baudelaire and Swinburne, Verlaine and Rimbaud, George Moore and Oscar Wilde, all the heroes of Mr. Gaunt's fascinating pages, were very exemplary Christians indeed.

Reciprocally, the bourgeois mind dreaded and despised the romantic and "decadent" for his vices, his prodigality, his defiant poverty, but, most of all, because he was usually a revolutionist in his art. Every new movement in the arts between 1830 and our own time has met with the same heavy weather—romanticism, naturalism, impressionism, symbolism, post-impressionism: Hugo, Flaubert, Manet, Whistler, Cézanne. The ballet-version of Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune,* with Nijinsky dancing, created a riot in Paris, not because of its alleged indecency, but because its music was something new. Nowadays Debussy's music is sold at Woolworth's, and has, if anything, a sweetish and soothing effect on the listener. At the *première* of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printempts,* an old lady, blazing with jewels and fury, leaned from her box and spat in the face of the conductor, Mr. Pierre Monteux, we believe. Today, Stravinsky is counted a conservative, and Prokoviev reigns in his stead. This eternal war between what Mr. Gaunt terms "the economic man and the esthete" is, perhaps, the major theme of his wholly invaluable book. He summarizes the esthete's standpoint in these words: "Forms, colors, feelings must be turned into art without restraint, scruple, or concern as to whether the result satisfy the policeman, please the minister of religion, or elevate the shopkeeper."

The process of shocking the bourgeois mind has involved, in many instances, a disintegrating process in the esthete. The esthete could not eat his cake and have it too. He could not be obnoxious to the bourgeois without, in certain cases, becoming obnoxious to himself, examples being Paul Verlaine and Oscar Wilde. A disproportionate pride often went hand in hand with a disproportionate self-disgust. He often took the fast, hard muddy way through the quicksands of his life. Because he mistook pleasure for happiness, because he rejected any idea of sexual and human responsibility, he often missed the bus—like Baudelaire who died insane, Verlaine, always in and out of charity-wards, Dowson and Francis Thompson likewise, Wilde in Reading Goal. . . . "The most apparently serene souls," wrote Chateaubriand, "recall those natural pits of Alachua; the surface seems calm and pure, but look in the depths and you can perceive the crocodiles." This was written long before Freud's exploitation of the unconscious, but it is a very good image of the esthetic revolution or romanticism in decay. After 1848, many an artist in every field strove to make a pet of his personal crocodile, and certain among them were devoured in the process.

Disintegration is, necessarily, a matter of successive and connected phases. According to the Freudians, one of the phases traversed by most children is that of being in love with themselves. The romantic egomania is sufficiently celebrated. "The Esthetic Movement," writes Mr. Gaunt with some understatement, "was essentially selfish." Compare this egoism with the following fragment of cool good sense from a great lady of the classic era, Mme. de Buffon:—

> If faut éviter l'emploi
> Du moi, du moi,
> L'ennui, l'ennui
> Marche avec lui.
> Je ne me conduis
> Ainsi;
> Aussi,
> J'ai réussi.

It is worth noting that few of the writers of the Nineties "succeeded" in Mme. de Buffon's sense, if success is to be relatively happy, to attain a certain mental and spiritual poise. Yet they were always raving about the Greeks who, of all people in the world, were preeminently successful in those terms. Men like Thompson and Wilde were, notoriously, their own worst foes. The egomania just mentioned led to this or that perversion of the good—Rossetti with his chloral, Swinburne with his masochism and alcohol, Dowson and Wilde with their waitresses and grooms. The last-named is probably the best case of Mr. Gaunt's study and theory of romanticism in decay.

Wilde was not a great or even a very good writer, and the only reason why he occupies so apparently disproportionate a place in Mr. Gaunt's book is that he made himself the great advertiser and bell-boy of the movement, and with his sensational fall, it came abruptly to a close. The real cause of his misfortunes is implicit in his own words: "I do not seek happiness but pleasure." Mr. Gaunt, adopting a Gallic phrase, calls that kind of thing "a craving for abjection"; we would prefer to term it a mania for self-destruction. It is the romanticization of a *mortal* (in the sense of soul-killing) sin, and is far more common in our own post-Freudian and post-Proustian times than it was even in the nineties. And it is hard to escape Mr. Gaunt's conclusion that it is a concomitant of the great art for art's sake dogma, that nothing is good or evil, but only well or badly executed. When Wilde was asked by the prosecutor whether he considered a certain imbecile and filthy story rotten, he could only answer truthfully that he thought the "treatment" was rotten. On

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that reply the whole structure of the esthetic revolution broke down, and it was well that it broke down. Had Wilde, in pursuit of his ideal, been content with relatively selfless and idealistic friendships, even with Lord Alfred Douglas (who has said the same) he would never have found himself in court, let alone jail. But his master, Walter Pater, had announced from the austerity of Oxford: "Burn ever with that hard gem-like flame, adore Beauty, ye young men . . . even in the gutter!" In the gutter, the disciple went, and there he died. *Qui sine peccato est vestrum. . . .*

After all, the best comment on the revolution came from its principal victim: "I know that a life of definite and studied materialism, a cult of sensual and senseless ease are bad things for an artist. They narrow the imagination."

Editors' Choice

THE FARMER AND THE REST OF US. *Arthur Moore. Little.* $2.50.
THE BEST IS YET . . . *Morris L. Ernst. Harper.* $3.00.

The Six Million

NON-RURAL Americans are ignorant alike of the importance of the products of the American farm, its relationship to industrial prosperity and what the life there really is. Some of us think of farmers in terms of drudgery, isolation and hayseediness; others romanticize their life in the open air, with its closeness to the good earth, harmony with the seasons, comparative independence and self-sufficiency. It takes a good man to hang the picture straight. Arthur Moore has not only done this for McLean County, Illinois, where he edits the curiously named *Daily Pantagraph*—he makes no pretense that he is a farmer himself—but he has developed an excellent slant on the general farm picture in the United States. No doubt he is one of those who is convinced that the most attractive journalistic job in the world is the editing of a country paper.

Mr. Moore contrasts present nostrums for the farmer's well-being with what is really needed. While the price of corn, for instance, is a key to prosperity in the Midwest, he shows that high prices by themselves lead to such practices as mining the soil, throwing poorer land into cultivation, speculation in farmland and the rest—and high commodity prices are only temporary. The effect of more mechanized farming is similar; it cannot raise the living standards of rural families as a whole, for only the first men to adopt new labor-saving devices profit materially as a result—and then only for a while. The *Pantagraph's* editor believes that most of the time the farm organizations have expended their energies on second rate issues; too often they have succeeded only in aligning the producers of one commodity against producers of others in a scramble for government favors. Important as it is, then, to try to maintain prices somewhere near "parity," to utilize technological progress and to organize pressures in behalf of the farmer in a pressure-group democracy, not even all three together have actually succeeded. In spite of everything including AAA and hybrid corn, the productivity of American soil is rapidly deteriorating; the yield per acre has fallen off alarmingly.

The ideal, as Mr. Moore and a number of enlightened

FOR RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK

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rural leaders see it, is to assure conditions under which the farmer can direct his efforts toward building up his soil and more abundant rural living. The latter inevitably calls for the development of an agrarian philosophy now virtually non-existent in America. In times such as this it would mean that enough government assistance could be counted on to encourage the temporarily prosperous farmer to plow back some cash into improving his homestead instead of diverting it all to paying off the mortgage completely or salting his funds away for the inevitable day of rain. The family farm, an entity varying widely as to acreage and types of cultivation in different rural areas, is the key to a sound American agriculture. To support it the government should supplement other agencies with cheap, long-term credit facilities; it should also make readily available tenant-purchase loans of the FSA type. And somehow or other the urban population, possibly with labor unions in the forefront, must throw their moral support to the cause of the family farm.

Other constructive proposals by the author include extension of our soil conservation policy to insure protection of all really productive land, establishing land grant colleges, seminaries for the rural clergy, and extension courses which include rural sociology, multiplying 4-H clubs and so on. The fact that in one southern state seven out of ten draftees were rejected (one-third of them according to national averages because of the effects of a deficient diet) is a convincing proof that an adequate diet for everyone should be the leading aim of our national food policy. Mr. Moore writes about all these and many related things in an effortless, pleasant manner and intersperses a number of folksy personal sketches. He is very readable. "The Farmer and the Rest of Us" ends with the plea: "When will the town, the city and the capital understand what the farmer means to American life?" When a lot more cityites have read this book!

Ramble through Interests

MORRIS ERNST is a New York attorney who has achieved a special kind of fame because of his willingness to interest himself in cases which, by their nature, attract a certain notoriety and in which all too few able lawyers are willing to participate; in addition to this he has a radiantly energetic personality, an all-embracing friendliness, and great gifts as a negotiator. Such elements are bound to produce an interesting life, for by their nature they attract to their owner all those things which are unusual and not run-of-mill. Mr. Ernst is an ardent—almost a doctrinaire—opponent of all censorship whatever, operating on the philosophy that if every view and all information are allowed access to the "marketplace," the best and truest has a chance to win out and in the long run will win out. To his mind it is impossible to devise any barriers not subject to abuse in the interest of special groups; today, indeed, he is far more concerned with what he calls the "bottlenecks" to the marketplace created by monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic control of the channels of communication than he is by governmental censorships. Thus his historic championship of various banned books and plays and magazines is now entering a new phase, in which he is elaborating a positive line of action to make easier and less obstructed the flow of ideas and news to the consuming public. This

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is, of course, easily coupled with Mr. Ernst's fear and suspicion of bigness, which he firmly believes is uneconomic and socially harmful in a thousand ways. His remarks on insurance companies, the American Railway Express and other such vast enterprises are not only amusing; they point a most valuable moral.

But "The Best Is Yet . . ." is far more than a libertarian and economic treatise. It is an excursion among many—most of them very human—interests. Bowling, sailing, carpentry, trips abroad, people he has liked, what might be called his "public" as distinguished from his private law practice, birth control, the habits of birds on Eleventh Street and in Nantucket, a bit of unpublished fiction, the problem of deafness—all this and much more go into the amalgam, and it is all knit together in a style completely reflecting the author—a rare achievement, since most styles conceal more than they reflect.

Of course with some of Mr. Ernst's views any reader may be in conflict. His complete acceptance of Mrs. Sanger's neo-Malthusian views, for example, will arouse disagreement not only from Catholics but from some biologists and sociologists and medical men. His insistence that artistic merit shall play no part in determining questions of obscenity arouses opposition from some equally ardent champions of freedom of speech. And he tends to fall into special jargons of his own when discussing things close to his heart; "craftsmanship," "free flow," "bottlenecks," the "marketplace" all have Ernstian overtones which our language may or may not accept. Nor does he hesitate occasionally to indulge in a vague mysticism beyond his own "craftsmanship." But all of this demands forgiveness if it is taken in the proper frame of reference: the honest gusto of a man who truly and unselfconsciously loves life and loves men and women—as long as they themselves are not mean and ignoble and calculating and greedy. "The Best Is Yet . . ." is certainly not a masterpiece; it is an invaluable indicator of one aspect of our contemporary society—and by no means the worst or least laudable aspect. Moreover it is characteristically American in its casualness, its kindliness, its openness and generosity. It is impossible to conceive of any European who could have lived Mr. Ernst's life and, consequently, could have written his book. This openness, this kindliness we possess and we must cherish, for it is the greatest of our national heritages.

More Books of the Week

The Long Journey. Johannes V. Jensen. Knopf. $3.50.

LAST fall the Nobel prize was awarded to Denmark's greatest living author, Johannes V. Jensen "for his epic novel, *The Long Journey* . . . because of the exceptional vigor and fertility of his poetic imagination, combined with an all-embracing intellectuality and bold creative expression."

Mr. Jensen's work on his epic began nearly forty years ago when he assigned himself the gigantic task of writing a Bible of evolution. It was his ambition to set aside the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and to substitute for it a natural history of man, beginning with the pre-ice age, when the North was covered with tropical forests, and coming down through the history of his own people, the Cimbrians, to Christopher Columbus, the last of the Goths to be moved by the spirit of the migrating tribes. Mr. Jensen had, moreover, before Adolf Hitler,

Recommended by the National Conference of Christians and Jews

ST. DOMINIC AND HIS WORK

By PIERRE MANDONNET, O.P.

Translated by Sister Mary Benedicta Larkin, O.P.

$5.00

This work hands down to readers a mature judgment on a heroic Saint of God and the Order he established. Among the notes of Father Mandonnet was found this sentence: "To read joy; to think delight; to write torture." Surely this scholarly and readable book will bring joy and delight to its readers even though it meant torture to its author.
—*The Liguorian*

PAUL OF TARSUS

By RT. REV. JOSEPH HOLZNER

Translated by Rev. Frederic C. Eckhoff

Three Maps

$5.00

The author has a thorough grasp of the sources, based on the best and most scientific commentaries on the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul. His knowledge is coupled with a gift for literary presentation. In consequence, we have a portrait of St. Paul which is trustworthy, captivating, and inspiring.—*The Catholic Historical Review*

JAMES LAYNEZ
JESUIT

By JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

Illustrated

$3.00

In writing this very clear and full account of the life of James Laynez, Father Fichter has performed a genuine service. He has made accessible to readers of English the story of an unusually gifted and significant man. The work presents a vivid picture of Laynez and makes both instructive and inspiring reading.—*The American Ecclesiastical Review*

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a theory about race superiority. He wanted to show that ice made men human. The weaker brethren fled from the hardships of the ice age to the South, where they may still be found in primitive conditions in Africa. But the people of the North under the stress of hardship became civilized and produced the first human pair.

This view of history is, of course, highly debatable. Mr. Jensen himself is faced with the facts of history when his Cimbrians descend upon Rome and are absorbed by a people who have a more highly developed culture than their own. But he solves this difficulty by dramatizing, early in his story, a meeting of one of the backward tribes from the South with the tribes from the North, who teach them the arts of civilization and give them their daughters in marriage.

In six novels, written between 1908 and 1922, Mr. Jensen covers this long history. The first English edition appeared in 1923-24 under three titles: *Fire and Ice, The Cimbrians,* and *Christopher Columbus.* In 1933 the trilogy was reissued in an omnibus volume under the title *The Long Journey.* With an introduction by Francis Hackett this omnibus is republished this spring.

Mr. Hackett remarks reassuringly: "so well has Johannes V. Jensen infused himself into man's history that he has correctly inferred the existence of certain facts which science has since vindicated." But why worry? If an author describes life in pre-historic times, who is to quarrel with what he says? One man's guess is as good as another's. However, when Mr. Jensen arrives at the time of Christopher Columbus, he is so accustomed to free invention in order to prove something about the superior northern tribes that he says, "It was an intensity of thought, which was rooted in the Northerner's memories and extended them beyond the finite, that created the pagan-christian myth of God's mother. In its nature the myth is purely Northern; the name is all the Holy Virgin has left of her biblical origin."

The Long Journey ends on a note of philosophic despair. Columbus is the "first god-forsaken figure; he substitutes space and reality for the spiritual prison and the superstition of the Middle Ages . . . " he has "sailed for what we all sail for and bring home, the loss of hope."

In spite of Mr. Jensen's undoubted poetic gift, his epic is often dull. I cannot imagine any human being, even one made human by the ice, not wishing to skip and scan.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Emmanuel MOUNIER is the founder of the *Esprit* movement and editor of their review; he is author of the "Personalist Manifesto."

T. D. LYONS practices law in Oklahoma City, Okla., and was brought up in the country about which he writes.

James MacGregor BYRNE was until recently associated with the U. S. Embassy in Buenos Aires.

Cuthbert WRIGHT is a member of the faculty of Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

Sister MARIELLA, O.S.B., teaches at the College of St. Benedict, St. Joseph, Minn. She compiled an excellent anthology of short stories of Catholic interest three years ago and has another anthology ready for publication this fall.

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